

CHAUNCEY OLCOTT'S SUMMER HOME AT SARATOGA.

MRS. DAVIS' WEDDING
RECALLS HER FEUDOnce Bitter Rivalry Between
Senator's Wife and Mrs.

W. R. Merriam.

STIRRED ALL WASHINGTON

How a Turkish Diplomat Brought
the Two Women Together
After Others Failed.

REVENGE OF A SEAMSTRESS

Fight Between Wives of Minnesota Gov-
ernors Divided Capital Society Into
Two Hostile Camps.

HERALD SPECIAL.
No. 734 FIFTH AVENUE, N. Y.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Saturday.
MRS. CUSHMAN K. DAVIS' mar-
riage to Mr. William Husker dur-
ing the past week has recalled the
greatest social feud in Wash-
ington since the days of Andrew Jackson.
It was a veritable drawing room
war, and the cabinet chamber cyclone, in-
creasing in violence as it grew older. It in-
volved in its destructive course the President
of the United States, the Vice President of the
United States, the chairman of the Republi-
can National Committee, two former Gov-
ernors of Minnesota, a United States Senator,
who was also chairman of the Committee
on Foreign Relations, and two charming and
accomplished women. It gave the United
States something to talk about for
more than two years. It kept one of the
former Governors of Minnesota out of the
cabinet on two occasions and prevented him
from going as the American Ambassador to
Russia. It divided Washington society into
two hostile camps, just as it had divided the
society of St. Paul and Minneapolis for a
decade. It finally expended its force, leaving
much wreckage in its course, and two social
hostilities became two social lumps under the
influence of the magic diplomacy of All Fer-
rouh Bey, the Turkish Minister.

It all came about because Mrs. Cushman
K. Davis, who became the wife of Governor
Davis of Minnesota, about 1875, was de-
clared to be "in society." The decree was
issued by Mrs. William R. Merriam, the wife
of a rising politician, who later became Gov-
ernor of Minnesota.

Cushman K. Davis was elected Governor
of Minnesota in the fall of 1878. He and his
wife were prominent in St. Paul society and
Mrs. Davis was a warm personal friend of
Mrs. Merriam, the acknowledged leader of
the Four Hundred of the Minnesota capital.
To tell the story chronologically Miss Anna
Agnew was engaged as a seamstress in the
Davis household. Mrs. Merriam, her great-
grandmother was Margaret Malcolm and her
great-grandmother was Admiral Poutney
Malcolm, who guarded the Island of St.
Helena when Napoleon was a prisoner there.
Bickering soon occurred in the Davis
house. Governor Davis and Mrs. Davis did
not agree. Then came a separation and a
divorce. Mrs. Davis went to Kansas to live.
She had been gone a year when Miss Anna
Agnew became Mrs. Davis No. 2.

This made a great sensation in St. Paul
society. Mrs. Merriam, as the leader in the
social world in the Northwest, had sym-
pathized with Mrs. Davis No. 1. She blamed
wife No. 2 for the estrangement. The draw-
ing room, the club and the cafe buzzed
with the excitement.

Society Bared Her.
Mrs. Davis No. 2 was promptly cut by the
smart set. She was not in society, and it
was decreed that she should not go in. She
was socially ostracized. Mrs. Davis No. 2,
while not too proud to earn her own living,
was very sensitive and high spirited. She
felt her position keenly.

The political wheel in Minnesota turned
once or twice and William R. Merriam be-
came Governor of Minnesota, and Mrs. Mer-
riam went into the position of mistress of
the Executive Mansion, which had once
been filled by her intimate friend, Mrs.
Davis No. 1. And now came the time for her
to avenge her friend. The inaugural ball
and reception constituted the great social
function in St. Paul each winter. The Gov-
ernor takes his seat. The one which
celebrated the inauguration of Governor
Merriam was exceptionally brilliant, with
his beautiful and accomplished wife as hos-
tess. Invitations were sent to everybody
who was anybody in the State. But not to
former Governor and Mrs. Davis. They were
ignored, and the slight was much talked
about.

A St. Paul Episode.

It was by clever generalship that Mrs.
Davis overcame the opposition of St. Paul
society. Soon after her second marriage
she appeared on the streets clad in pure
white furs, driving a magnificent white horse
and seated in a snow white sleigh. "White
wings" some one remarked, and the busy-
bodies were scandalized. Mrs. Davis
laughed in their faces and was met by a
campaign of secret innuendo that would
have driven many women to despair. Mrs.
Davis bravely ignored the slanders and in-
sults, passed invective and accusation with
the same calm smile, and later, in speaking
of her experiences, said—

"These people who were many of them,
said and repeated things they could not
prove, but only wished were so. Their
hatred gave all the foundation there was
for the terrible things they said. Why
should I notice them? They were not my
enemies. Only the person whose heart is not clear
of the evil things of life attempts to batter
down the baseless accusations of others. A
clear conscience gives the support that rides
one safely through the storm."

A year or two later years she met her feet many
of her bitterest enemies and took the sweet
revenge of seeming utterly unconscious of
their past efforts to sink her under an over-
whelming mass of accusation and dishonor,
allowing their own thoughts to work out her
revenge.

How She Reformed Her Husband.

Mrs. Cushman K. Davis, more than any
other, was responsible for the great achieve-
ments of her statesman husband. Immedi-
ately after her return from Paris with the
Senator, following the signing of the Spanish-
treaty, she told of the crucial moment of
their married life, in which she turned him
with a masterly stroke from habits which
would have made later success impossible.
"The Senator never dissipated, but was al-
ways a man fond of good company," she
said. "He loved the club and the company
of the men he found there. He sometimes
partook of champagne, the only wine he
cared for, and once or twice had remained
late with his friends. He disliked argument
as much as I. I determined to make him
understand the value of a regular life in my
own way."

"I waited in our cozy little parlor all one
evening and away into the morning, dressed
for the street, awaiting his return. When I
heard his footsteps on the walk I hastily
slipped on the front door and down the
steps. I met him just as I had passed the
gate. He gazed at me astounded."

"Where are you going at this time of the
morning?" he demanded.

"Cushman," I said, "I am going down
town to enjoy myself in my own way."

"You go away from me, spend half the
night with your friends, and leave me alone
to wait for you. I claim exactly the same
privilege. I don't know where I am going."

VIEW
ALONG THE PIAZZAJUSTICE BREWER
SAVED NEGRO'S LIFEPrevented Lynching of Crazy
Colored Man While on
Wyoming Trip.

MADE AN IMPRESSIVE PLEA

Cook of Party Had Gone Dan-
gerously Crazy and Every
One Favored Hanging.

CHICAGO, Ill., Saturday.—"When Justice
Brewer so emphatically denounced lynching
the other day at Milwaukee he gave no
mere academic expression," said Henry D.
Bates, general solicitor for the Western
Union Telegraph Company. "I believe he
would be willing to put his opinion into
practice, for I know of one occasion when
his tact and moral courage saved a negro
from being lynched."

"About twelve years ago Justice Brewer
was a member of a hunting party in the
northern part of Wyoming. Among the
others who went along were Judge Davis,
now of the Philippine Supreme Court; Elmer
D. Frank, clerk of the United States Circuit
Court at Omaha, host of the party; his
eight-year-old son, myself and one or two
others. As our cook we had a negro whom
every one called 'Bill Goat,' for he was cre-
dited with having killed a goat to death. He
was a great, burly fellow, a fair cook, and,
like most of his race, extremely fond of
liquor. He had been told not to touch the
demijohn in the mess wagon, as its contents
were supposed to be for medical purposes,
but, judging from subsequent events, he did
not obey the order."

"Before very long 'Bill Goat's' peculiar
actions were noted. He had every appearance

of a negro crazed by drink. Once when a
bear was shot he went up and butted the
dead animal with his head. When the griz-
zly was skinned the negro wiped his bloody
hands on Justice Brewer's clothes."

"The negro's actions were becoming alarm-
ing, and a member of the party was sent
down to the creek to tell Mr. Frank of the
situation. He came running to the camp at
once. The negro was raging around like a
mad bull, threatening to kill us all.
"I'll kill you!" he shouted when he saw
Frank. He made a rush toward his em-
ployer. Frank had great physical strength
and was an expert boxer. He met the rush
with a terrific blow in the negro's face. It
did not jar 'Bill Goat,' and the dose was re-
peated again and again. 'Bill Goat' then ran
and grabbed the camp ax. We got our rifles
and the negro was covered by three Win-
chesters in less time than it takes to tell it.
The negro stood in front, brandishing his
ax. Behind him was Justice Brewer without
a weapon of any kind. This did not seem to
deter the jurist, however. He stole up be-
hind the crazed negro and like a flash
wrenched the ax from his hands."

"The negro then tore around the camp,
threatening to kill us all, and the rest of us
held a council to decide what to do with him.
He always kept so far from us that it was
impossible to lasso him and tie him up, and
the lives of the whole party were menaced.
A horse wrangler, a man used to Western
methods of justice, advocated lynching him
to save the rest of us. Aggravated by the
occurrences of the day, the majority of the

party sided with him. The decision was to
hang the cook if he could be caught, other-
wise to shoot him. Justice Brewer took no
part in the consultation, although it was
plain that the determination of the others
did not find favor with him. He did not speak
until a little incident gave him the cue. Mr.
Frank got out his pistol and started to coil
it. The grim silence was broken by a cry
from his little son, who was much attached
to the negro."

Justice Made Effective Plea.

"Papa's gone to hang 'Bill Goat,'" he
sobbed. Papa's gone to hang 'Bill Goat.'"
Justice Brewer then got up and turned to
Mr. Frank.
"I can't say that I blame any of you for
what you are about to do," he said. "Self-
preservation is the first law of nature, and
you may think it necessary to kill this negro
to save your own lives. I don't ask you to
think of the consequences your act would
bring upon me, a member of the Supreme
Court of the United States, being a witness
of such a scene. But don't you think it is
an awful example to set before this little
boy?"

"It wasn't necessary for him to say an-
other word. The plans were changed in-
stantly. 'Bill Goat' was given a horse and
was escorted by Mr. Frank, at the peril of
his own life, to a point where he could reach
the nearest railroad station by an easy ride.
And every one will remember Justice Brew-
er's impressive plea as long as he lives."



MRS. CUSHMAN K. DAVIS

MRS. WILLIAM R. MERRIAM

PRINCIPALS IN THE FAMOUS SOCIAL FEUD.

but I am going to make friends and have a
pleasant time alone by myself. You go in
and go to bed. Good night."

"I was mortally afraid that he would let
me go, but I could not think he really would.
He looked at me first angrily and then
thoughtfully. I took a step away and he
followed and linked his arm in mine."

"I think there has been a mistake, little
girl," he said. "You are right. I can't dis-
pute the logic and don't want to. But
there's something better than logic, and
that's happiness."

"He was right and so was I. It was late
in the morning when he went to his room,
and in all our married life we never had as
cozy a little lunch, or a happier, pleasanter
confidential talk."

"Cushman never left me alone at night
after that, and in all our long married life
he never drank again, except at our own
wedding, or at those of the people with whom
we dined. His club days were over."

Once more the political wheel turned in
Minnesota and Cushman K. Davis went to
the United States Senate. With him to re-
side in Washington was his wife.

Senator Davis was a man of studious hab-
its and great ability. He took with him to
the Senate considerable reputation as a con-
stitutional and international lawyer, and
soon found a place on the Committee on
Foreign Relations. Here he began to make a
reputation which in time placed him at the
head of that committee.

Mrs. Davis found the social atmosphere of
Washington far different from that of St.
Paul. Doors had been closed to her there.
In Washington they were open. The wife of
a United States Senator whose husband was
on the Committee on Foreign Relations was
treated with great consideration. Mrs.
Davis had great tact, and entertained lav-
ishly. In time her husband became chair-
man of the Foreign Relations Committee.
He thus became the arbiter of treaties, the
exponent of our intercourse with other coun-
tries, the judge and jury of diplomatic ap-
pointments and a power in the Senate. Co-
incidentally his wife became a central figure
in the diplomatic and official life of Wash-
ington.

Mrs. Davis was elected in 1886. He act-
ed about making up his cabinet. In nearly
every tentative list that went out the name
of William R. Merriam figured—now for Sec-

retary of War, now for Postmaster General
and now for Secretary of the Interior. Gov-
ernor Merriam had been of the greatest as-
sistance in the McKinley campaign. He had
been a tower of strength in the Northwest,
and President McKinley, Vice President Hobart,
Mark Hanna and the entire Republican
National Committee were desirous of seeing
him in the Cabinet. But somehow the pos-
sible announcement that he was going in, and
the Cabinet was never made. Something seemed
holding it back.

Then the truth came out. Senator Davis
objected to any place being given to Mr.
Merriam. He threatened to fight any nomi-
nation that might be given to Mr. Merriam.
He was even willing to go to the unprece-
dented length of opposing the confirmation
of McKinley's Cabinet if Merriam's name
was in the list. As he came from Minnesota
and was a power in the Senate, his objec-
tions had to be taken into consideration. It
also became known that his opposition was
due to the snubs and slights which Mrs.
Davis had suffered at the hands of Mrs.
Merriam, the social leader of St. Paul.

Mr. Hobart's Vain Effort.

Vice President Hobart, who was a very
tactful man, and who earnestly desired to
see Mr. Merriam in the Cabinet, took the
case in hand. He thought he could arrange
matters so that Mrs. Davis would withdraw
her opposition and Senator Davis would
consent to the nomination being made.
The next time he met Senator Hanna, chair-
man of the Republican National Committee, he
told him all about it.

"Now," said he in conclusion, "you have
the whole story. I've burned my fingers and
am through. Suppose you try."

Senator Hanna tried. He reported at the
White House a few evenings later, and his
listeners were the President and the Vice
President.

"Mr. President," said the Senator from
Ohio, "the Vice President tackled this case
and burned his fingers. He told me to try.
I've tried, and my fingers are blistered too.
It is now a case for Presidential interven-
tion."

It was impossible to find a place for Gov-
ernor Merriam in the Cabinet. So, too, was
it impossible to give him the post of Am-
bassador to Russia.

The story was told in Washington at the
time that Mrs. Merriam went to the extent
of calling on Mrs. Davis and asking her to
withdraw her opposition to her husband.
Mrs. Davis refused to be placated. The time
for her revenge had come and she made the
most of it.

Rivalry in Washington.

So the feud went on through 1887 and 1888.
The winter of 1888 and 1889 witnessed com-
plicated and bitter social rivalry between the
McKinleys and the Merriams. The Merriams
made their home in Wash-
ington that winter. The rivals were both land-
some and both were charming and gracious
hostesses. Mrs. Davis, by virtue of her
husband's exalted position in the Senate,
had a slight advantage. At the President's
New Year's reception, January 1, 1889, re-
sponding in a beautiful Parisian gown, she
assisted Mrs. McKinley in receiving. Mrs.
Merriam assisted Mrs. Hobart at the Vice
President's residence in the old Don Cam-
eron house.

Mrs. Davis was almost at the top of the
social ladder then. She had accompanied her
husband to Paris when he went as a member
of the Spanish Peace Commission, and the
winter there had been a series of social
triumphs.

But all feuds come to an end. They are
either ended by death or reconciliation. In
this case reconciliation. All Ferrouh Bey,
who knew both ladies well, thought it was
a pity. Being a brave man and a fatalist,
he did not hesitate to rush in where Mr.
McKinley, Hobart and Hanna feared to tread.
He saw Mrs. Davis and he saw Mrs. Mer-
riam. It was such a pity two such charis-
matic women should be estranged! Could he
do nothing?

At first he reservedly greeted his inquiries.
Finally there was a softening. Then came
one of Mrs. Davis' charming Thursday after-
noons. To be historically correct, it was
January 18, 1889. Mrs. Merriam dropped in
with All Ferrouh Bey. Mrs. Davis received
her graciously in the presence of a great
throne.

The feud was ended. In a short time Gen-
eral Merriam was appointed Director of the
Census of 1890. He was confirmed the same
day.

AUSTIN PARK MADE
A THING OF BEAUTYIts Youthful Loveliness Re-
stored by the Volunteer
Efforts of Citizens.

WOMEN CHEER WORKERS

Clergymen and Business Men
Join in Assault on Noxious
Weeds and Brush.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

CHICAGO, Ill., Saturday.—Austin Park has
been redeemed from ugliness. A beauty
doctor in the guise of the Austin Improve-
ment Association did it. This association's
treatment is warranted permanently to re-
move weeds, tin cans, dead trees and all
other blotches and blemishes or no pay. In-
stead of an electric needle it uses a hoe. To
banish excessiveness it goes at them with an
axe. Its message tool is a rake. Its work-
ing hours are from nine o'clock in the morn-
ing until it gets tired.

Austin Park, in the days before she was
wedded to Chicago, was a pretty young
thing. After the marriage she lost her bloom
and freshness. Burdock grew out on her
face and burrs tangled her hair. Tomato
cans pimpled her all over. Unlabeled stones
stood out on her visage like huge warts. Her
clothes, too, became frayed and bedraggled.

In the days of her youth Austin Park af-
fected a well tailored suit of green in the
glad summer time. She was always radiant,
graceful and spry. She was decked out with
comely trees and shapely shrubbery, that
seemed to be proud of the mistress who
wore them. But from the wedding day
things began to go awry, and her pride was
lost.

BRIDGEBROOM VIEW UNKNOWN.

Chicago, the big lord who took Austin
Park for his own, had an untidy way with
him. He rarely took a bath or changed his
frocks. His hair was unkempt, his trousers
bagged, his beard like a threshersman's.
There was never a shine on his shoes and
his hands were woefully crooked. All in all
he was as ungainly a creature as a once
fair park might look upon. And so Austin
Park forgot all about her tidiness and
learned the ways of her lord. She had to
learn them, in fact, because he would not
contribute anything to keep her sweet and
lovely and good to look upon.

The Austin Improvement Association saw
that it had a mission to perform. D. G.
Watrous, president of the association, was
the head doctor. He had such able lieuten-
ants as Vice President B. F. Marsh, the Rev.
G. A. Campbell, Secretary W. D. McKen-
zie, Treasurer F. P. Wallace, F. W. Alden,
Charles Griffiths, Walter Jacobs, John
Neubrun and W. O. Cline. These experts,
with a corps of assistants—the rank and file
of the force of Austin—did the heavy work.
A dozen members of the Austin Women's
Club poured lemonade here and there where
it would do the most good. Among them
were Mrs. Maude K. Allen, Mrs. Rena S.
Tutill and Mrs. Lizzie D. Charles.

FIRST MAN AT WORK.

President Watrous was the first man to
arrive on the scene. He hung his coat on
a limb near the sidewalk at the edge of the
park. After he had worked an hour he
happened to look up in time to see a hobo
making off with his outer garment.

"Well, that's cool," he exclaimed, and
fifty men dropped their axes, rakes, scythes,
saws and hoes and made a dash for the thief.
It was a most invigorating sight—those
first two hours of work at night with im-
maculate shirt fronts and primities were in
the park with blue overalls and flannel
shirts, looking every inch as they did once
out on the old farms, which they never
mentioned after six o'clock in the evening.

Vice President Marsh made a beautiful
amputation of a dead limb, and the women
clapped their hands. The Rev. G. A. Camp-
bell took an enflaming swipe at a bunch of
weeds and missed everything but his leg.
Then he got a hammerlock hold on the
noxious growths and tried to pull them out.
"Same old thing, parson," said his neigh-
bor and one of his congregation, "Satan's
got hold of them roots and is pulling 't'other
way against you."

Treasurer P. P. Wallace tackled a tall,
lissome ragweed when it wasn't looking, got
a flank movement on it, and out it came. He
thought it better to pull the weeds out than
to chop them off, but he got over that way
of thinking after he had pulled six or eight.
Then he went smashing into them with a
grass sickle.

THEORIES TAKE WINGS.

Indeed, more theories were upset in the
first day's work in Austin Park than ever
cutting in the same space of time before.
Optimistic natures switched rapidly. En-
thusiasm waned with wonderful quickness.
Men who had talked so spiritedly from the
rostrum of the association hall looked as if
their consciences hurt them; but they suffered
in silence and worked on.

At the end of the first day of cleaning
Austin Park was quite a different look.
Acres of weeds were cut, dead branches of
trees were lopped off and burned, stones and
various kinds of refuse were removed in
wagons.

It is whispered about that the rest of the
weeds in the park never would have been
cut if the women had not kept referring to
the beautiful speeches made by the men
concerning "a clean city." However, the
work so bravely commenced on Saturday
was finished on Monday, and Austin Park
is downright pretty again.

"And now how shall we keep the weeds
down?" asked one anxious volunteer.

"Put a hypodermic injection," said one.

"Put up a sign," said another.

"Hire a man!" cried a third, suggestively
feeling his sore muscles.

ACTOR'S HOME BOTH
IRISH AND SPANISHChauncey Olcott's New Sara-
toga Cottage a "House
Turned Round."

KITCHEN AT FRONT DOOR

Friends Expected to Go to the
Rear Entrance When
They Call.

FILLED WITH RARE ANTIQUES

Furniture, China and Bric-a-Brac from All
Countries Gathered in the
United States.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.]

SARATOGA, N. Y., Saturday.—That a splen-
did collection of old Sheraton and Chippendale,
Russian brass and all the hundred and
one objects dear to collectors can be made
in this country without going abroad is
proved by the array of antiquarian treasures
in Chauncey Olcott's new house in this vil-
lage.

"Chauncey Olcott, the House Turned
Round, Saratoga Springs, N. Y." was the ad-
dress on a letter that reached the Saratoga
Post Office recently, and was promptly de-
livered to the well known actor in his new
country home, Innisfree.

The stupidest postman could not fail to
recognize the description of Mr. Olcott's
house, for its owner has placed his kitchen
beside the front entrance, and his friends are
expected to call at the back door.

Mrs. Olcott was born and reared in Cal-
ifornia, and is proud of her half a dozen
years of wanderings Mr. and Mrs. Olcott decided
to build.

ARCHITECT AS ARBITRATOR.

"We will have a house," said Mr. Olcott,
"it will be Irish from roof to cellar, a re-
production of the old thatched cottage in
Kellagh Parish, where my mother was
born."

"I agree with you about building," replied
Mrs. Olcott, "but the house will be just like
those delightful Spanish missions in dear old
California."

An architect was called in as arbitrator.
"It is really very simple," he remarked.
"Mr. Olcott wants an Irish house and Mrs.
Olcott one built in Spanish style. Very
well; we will have both. The front of the
house, with its long, sloping roof, and the
main lines of the interior will be of Irish
type, but the back will be constructed with
a red tiled, deep veranda set in back of the
second story line, that will look as if trans-
planted from San Antonio."

This settlement pleased both parties, but
where to build became a new point of dis-
pute. "Little old New York" was good
enough for Mr. Olcott. "California or no-
where" was Mrs. Olcott's dictum. At last,
Saratoga was selected.

BOTH IRISH AND SPANISH.

The sod thatched cottage idea has been
carried out as far as possible in the ex-
terior front of the actor's home, even to the
narrow upper windows under the eaves, but
the entrance of "Colonial" pattern has been
admitted, which relieves the fatness of the walls.

In the rear the upper story overhangs about
fifteen feet, being supported by solid mason-
ry columns, the space underneath forming
Mrs. Olcott's "Spanish mission" portico.

A large living room occupies most of the
lower floor, and the entire western side is
composed of windows extending to the floor,
which permits it to be thrown entirely open.
Furniture and decorations of this room, as
throughout the house, are all antique.
Mr. and Mrs. Olcott have been gathering
their treasures and penates together for six
years, and the result has been a collection
that years of foreign travel could not dupli-
cate. Although the Olcotts have spent most
of their summers abroad, with one or two
small pieces of bric-a-brac excepted, they
brought back with them nothing for the
house. With the possible exception of Salem,
Mass., all of the old furniture, rare china
and old brass ware, &c., has been secured
in this country. On the bog oak table in the
living room is a splendid pair of old Sheffield
copper gilt vases, eighteen inches high and
elaborately embossed. They are exceedingly
rare and fine examples of Sheffield, yet Mrs.
Olcott rescued them from the cellar of a
second hand store in Pittsburg, Pa.

IN THE LIVING ROOM.

The eastern wall of the living room is
lined with low bookcases, filled with quaint
old books and first editions collected in this
country. Almost the entire southern side of
this room is filled with the fireplace, with
high-backed settle, built in the good old Irish
style, over which is carved the motto, "East
west, home's best."

With the exception of the grand piano,
which Mr. Olcott uses in composing his
songs, the room is filled with spoils from al-
most every portion of the globe, but all
gathered in the United States.

From her California home Mrs. Olcott has
brought rare and curious examples of Chi-
nese and Japanese art—long strings of jade
and cunningly carved ivory figures, a splen-
did screen of carved teakwood and a huge
Japanese bowl. On the bog oak table in the
living room is a splendid pair of old Sheffield
copper gilt vases, eighteen inches high and
elaborately embossed. They are exceedingly
rare and fine examples of Sheffield, yet Mrs.
Olcott rescued them from the cellar of a
second hand store in Pittsburg, Pa.

England contributes a real Sheraton chest
of drawers. The Continent is represented
by a similar piece of antique Flemish oak,
while the feather headrest of a New Mexi-
can Indian hangs beside a basket woven so
tightly that it is used to carry water by
the Indians of Alaska.

Opening on the broad veranda is the din-
ing room, finished in colonial white, with
long curtains of delicate and containing a
remarkable collection of rare old china.

All the furniture, except the carpets,
in the sleeping rooms up stairs is old and
rare. The carpets were made to harmonize
with the color and furnishings of each room.

KIDNAPPED TO GET
"PRISON EXPERIENCE"Chicago Young Woman Expresses
Joy That Her Offence Will
Put Her in Bridewell.

CHICAGO, Ill., Saturday.—When Justice
Quinn ordered a \$30 fine for Viola Larson, the
natural inference was that she was escap-
ing a punishment for an alleged attempt to
kidnap Miss Juliette Bond, of No. 1625 Drex-
el boulevard, but the expression of satisfac-
tion which overspread the countenance of
the erratic prisoner indicated that she was
delighted with the outcome.

"Yes, I know the \$30 fine imposed by the
Court will send me to the Bridewell, but I
do not mind that," said Viola after the
sentence was recorded. "I want to go, for
it will be a new experience for me and for
the new book on which I am working. I am
deeply sorry, however, for my mother and
for Miss Bond, and have decided not to seek
again for literary material in a way that the
police may interfere with."

This is the third time within ten months
that Miss Larson has fallen into the hands
of the police through eccentric methods of
securing material for an alleged book. Her
first episode was the stealing of a horse and
buggy. Three months later she was arrested
on a charge of annoying a young lady on the
west side by writing threatening notes and
making engagements to meet her.